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A TRIP TO SCOTLAND.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*

By William Whitehead.

Nec Deus interfit niſi dignus vindice nodus. HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall.

M.DCC.LXX.

[Price One Shilling.]

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THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Debrett, in Piccadilly.

MDCCLXX.

[Price One Shilling.]

TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

Dear Sir,

THE following little whimſical trifle cannot, with propriety, be addreſſed to any one but to You. It was owing to your perſuaſion that it ever appeared upon the Stage at all: And it is equally indebted to the ſame friendly partiality that it ſtill continues to amuſe the Town.

I take this public opportunity of thanking you for the trouble you have given yourſelf about ſo ſlight a thing; and with great pleaſure ſubſcribe myſelf,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged friend

and humble ſervant,

The AUTHOR.

TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

PERSONS Repreſented.

CUPID,		Maſter CAPE.
Mr. GRISKIN, a wealthy Citizen,		Mr. PARSONS.
Miſs GRISKIN, his Niece,		Miſs POPE.
JEMMY TWINKLE, a City Apprentice,		Mr. BRERETON.
Mrs. FILLAGREE, Houſe-keeper to Mr. Griſkin, and Governeſs to Miſs,		Mrs. BRADSHAW.
YOUNG COUPLES,	going to, and returning from Scotland.	Mr. PALMER, Miſs BURTON, &c. &c.
LANDLADY,	at an Inn on the North-road,	Mrs. LOVE.
CHAMBERLAIN,		Mr. BOOTH.
HOUSE-MAID,		Miſs PLATT.

Hoſtlers, Poſtilions, Servants of the Inn, &c. &c.

A

TRIP to SCOTLAND.

Enter CUPID, *as* PROLOGUE, *in the Habit of a Poſtilion.*

CUPID.

YE belles, ye beaus, of whatſoe'er degree,
Above, below, around; behold in me
A modern Cupid; not like ancient Love
On nimble wings, but poſt-horſes, I move.
Their idol's arms let Heathen bards recount,
This is *my* bow, I ſmack it, and I mount.
My ſpurs are pointed arrows in diſguiſe,
And this broad belt the bandage from my eyes.
Nay ev'n thoſe wings which once out-ſtripp'd the wind
Hang dangling now like ſhoulder-knots behind.
For you transform'd I quit the Paphian grove,
Cold Scotland's now the only land for love.
For Scotland ho!—on no fool's errand ſent,
I come myſelf, my own advertiſement.

Ye blooming maids, whom half-pay captains preſs,
Or ſtruck, perhaps, with Robin's rainbow dreſs,
Who in aſſemblies ſigh, or pine in ſhades:
Ye youths, who languiſh for your mother's maids,
Why will ye idly wait for twenty-one?
Behold your vaſſal! Mount, and let's be gone.
Deſpiſe what vulgar mortals prudence call;
Love is the word, and love can equal all.
The eager hoſtler in the paſſage ſtays,
My ſteeds are ready harneſs'd to my chaiſe:
And if this ſeaſon ends as it began,
Egad, next year I'll drive a caravan.
Does no one want me?—But the cauſe I ſee;
You're all aſham'd before good company;
Well then, I never blab; my province is
To deal in ſecrets: but remember this—
In eight-and-forty hours we reach the borders.
—I'll in the green-room wait for farther orders.

[CUPID *waves his whip, and goes out. The Scene ſhifts.*]

A Room in Mr. GRISKIN'S *Houſe.*

Enter FILLAGREE *haſtily, followed by Mr.* GRISKIN.

FILLAGREE.

As I hope to live and breathe then, I know nothing at all of the matter. I wiſh I may be burned if I do. You are eternally ſuſpecting me.

GRISKIN.

Don't be in a paſſion, Fillagree, don't be in a paſſion.—Zoons, 'tis I that ought to be in a paſſion. Has not my neighbour Flack been telling me here

for this twelvemonth paſt; Griſkin, ſays he, that niece of yours will be ruined, will be undone.

FILLAGREE.

What is old Flack to me? let him trouble his head with his own buſineſs, and take care of his own daughter.

GRISKIN.

Ay, there's a girl, Fillagree, there's a jewel of ineſtimable price! And a fine ſcholar too, Fillagree; why her aunts tell me that ſhe read through a whole circulating library once, in half a year.

FILLAGREE.

I am out of patience!—Why are my ears to be ſtunned for ever with Miſs Flack's perfections? Who can give a young lady a better education than myſelf? And have not I exerted all my abilities in accompliſhing Miſs Griſkin?—But I ſee, after all the pains and trouble I have taken, you want to get rid of me—and ſo, Sir—

GRISKIN.

I don't, I don't, Fillagree.—But zoons, what does the education you have given her ſignify, if you contrive to ruin her at laſt.

FILLAGREE.

I contrive to ruin her?

GRISKIN.

Why have not you always ſuffered this young fellow to be hankering about the houſe? Does not he *drink tea* forſooth with my niece and you? And are not you continually gadding to Iſlington with them on a Sunday? Ah Fillagree!

FILLAGREE.

Suppoſe we do go to Iſlington on a Sunday: is taking a little freſh air one day in the week ſuch a mighty matter? Are not we ſtived to death here, in this narrow ſtreet, with a cheeſemonger on one

ſide of us, and a tallow-chandler on the other?

GRISKIN.

Zoons, am I againſt your taking the air? But why muſt Jemmy Twinkle be of the party?

FILLAGREE.

Becauſe he is a very genteel creditable young fellow, and the beſt company in the world.

GRISKIN.

There, there now; don't you allow that you admit him?

FILLAGREE.

Did I ever deny it? I like Mr. Jemmy moſt exceedingly. Lord, he talks ſo charmingly. He knows every thing that is done at the polite end of the town. He goes to the Bedford Coffee-houſe, and behind the ſcenes at the Play-houſes, and tells one ſuch comical ſtories of the wits, and the players, and the Covent-Garden ladies, and—

GRISKIN.

What is all that ſtuff to him? Why does not he mind his own buſineſs?

FILLAGREE.

Why ſo he would if you did not prevent it. Stuff indeed! Lord help you. If Miſs Griſkin was my niece twenty thouſand times over, and had twenty thouſand times more money than ſhe has, Jemmy ſhould be the man.

GRISKIN.

There, there again! and yet you pretend to be angry at my ſuſpecting you.

FILLAGREE.

So I do, becauſe you ſuſpect me wrongfully.

GRISKIN.

Wrongfully? Why don't you ſay—

FILLAGREE.

No, no I tell you; I don't ſay any thing.—As

to the match, I approve of it. But you accuſe me of being aiding and abetting in their elopement, as you call it. Now that I poſitively deny. For tho' I love young people ſhould come together as well as any body, yet I always chuſe it ſhould be honourably.

GRISKIN.

Honourably?

FILLAGREE.

Yes, honourably. Why might not you and I, and the young couple, have gone a little party of pleaſure together in a coach to Highgate, or on the water to Greenwich, and have had them married, and bedded honourably?

GRISKIN.

Don't make me mad. You know I could never conſent to it.

FILLAGREE.

And ſee what your hard-heartedneſs has produced. As the caſe ſtands now, were I in your place, I would purſue them to the world's end. Lord, I am frighted to death to think what may happen! Two young giddy people got together, without a prudent friend to adviſe them to moderate their paſſions, and put a bridle, as it were, upon their deſires.—O, if you had heard the leſſons I gave them when we walked to Iſlington. Indeed, I went with them for that very purpoſe. Mr. Jemmy, ſays I—Miſs Griſkin, ſays I——

GRISKIN.

Poo, Pox! What ſignifies what you ſaid to them. How is one to find them now? Where can one go after them? ten to one they are gone away to Scotland.

FILLAGREE.

I wiſh they may with all my heart.

GRISKIN.

GRISKIN.

Wish they may!

FILLAGREE.

Yes, certainly. For if they will do a foolish thing, one should chuse to have it a fashionable one. They tell me that road is full of young couples: And Jemmy always loved to act like a person of distinction. O, he is not such a sneaking devil as you and old Flack are.

GRISKIN.

What do you mean, Fillagree? What do you mean?

FILLAGREE.

I don't know what I mean, not I. You put one in a passion, and then one says any thing.—— I ask your pardon.

[*In a grumbling manner, with a kind of half-curtsy.*]

GRISKIN.

Well, well, I forgive it.——But what is to be done? I am half mad. Where shall I go?

FILLAGREE.

Go! To every inn in town where they let post-horses. Inquire of every body you meet, man, woman, and child; and, if you hear any thing of them, drive after them immediately. You ought to be at Barnet already; for I dare swear they are gone to Scotland.——What do you stand fretting and teazing yourself for? Go, go, I say.

——[*Pushing him to the door.*

GRISKIN.

I will, I will, Fillagree. Mercy upon me, I am in such a fidget!—Whither shall I go first?

FILLAGREE.

Any where, every where.——My poor, dear Miss, she may be ruined and undone by this time; and all from your monstruous behaviour. Get you gone

gone, can't you. You are as ſlow in preventing the miſchief, as you was cruel in expoſing her to it.——Come, come, I will force you out.

GRISKIN. (turning back and looking at her.) Ah, Fillagree! [*Exit.*

FILLAGREE. (looking after him, and mocking him.) Ah, Griſkin!——an old curmudgeonly fellow! if it was not for me, there would be no ſpirit, politeneſs, or generoſity in the family.——Let me ſee that he is gone tho'. Yes, the door claps; and from this window I can obſerve which way he goes.——O, down the ſtreet, trot, trot, with his hands dangling, and his head noddling. O he is a ſweet creature!——He has turned the corner; and now for my young lovers.

[*Opening a cloſet door.*

Come out, ye couple of young handſome devils you, come out. Here have I been ſwearing thro' thick and thin for you.

Enter JEMMY, *and Miſs* GRISKIN.

JEMMY.

O my dear Mrs. Fillagree!

FILLAGREE.

Ay, ay, you have a deal of gratitude at preſent; but how will it be a twelvemonth hence.——Hey, day, Miſs! you look quite mournful. What is the matter with you?

MISS.

I don't know what is the matter with me. I am not well, I believe, Fillagree.

FILLAGREE.

Not well! Odd's my life, is this a time to be ill in? "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," as Mr. Jemmy uſed to ſay.——Why you ought

ought to be half way to Scotland by this time. Come, come, pluck up your ſpirits.

MISS.

My heart miſgives me, Fillagree.

JEMMY.

My dear Miſs!——

MISS.

It does, indeed, Mr. Twinkle.——My uncle has been very good to me, and I have always behaved hitherto like a ſober girl, and a very dutiful niece; and I ſhould not care to forfeit that character now I am grown a woman. I am ſure Miſs Flack would not do ſo.

JEMMY.

Racks and tortures!

FILLAGREE.

Bleſs me, Miſs, what is all this! Sober! dutiful! good to you! Who can have put ſuch idle notions into your head? You have not told any body of your intentions beſides me, have you?—I'll be hang'd if you have not been talking to Miſs Flack.

MISS.

No, indeed, Fillagree. They are my own reflections. They came acroſs me whilſt I was ſhut up in that dark cloſet with Mr. Twinkle.

JEMMY.

And why *Mr. Twinkle*, my angel? Why not your tender, your affectionate Jemmy, whoſe very ſoul is yours?—Can you forſake me? Can you forget you ever ſaid you loved?

FILLAGREE, (aſide to Jemmy.)

Ay, ay; ply her that way.

MISS.

I aſſure you, Mr.——Mr. Jemmy, I love you as much as ever I did; and it goes to the heart of me

to

to refuſe you.——This I can promiſe you, that I will never marry any other man as long as I live. Beſides, I ſhall be of age, you know, in four or five years time.

JEMMY.

Four or five years! Four or five ages. Do you take me for an antediluvian? Any lover ſince the flood would have died with expectation in half that time.——Unkind and cruel!

MISS.

Don't accuſe me of unkindneſs, Jemmy. Don't accuſe me of that. I cannot bear that.

FILLAGREE.

She ſoftens.——Why theſe are arrant vapours, Miſs. A journey in the freſh air is abſolutely neceſſary for you. There is not a phyſician in London but would preſcribe it. The ſooner you get into the chaiſe, and the further you go, the better.

MISS.

Ay, there again, Fillagree: to leave all one's friends and relations, and run into the wide world. —You know I never was ten miles from London in my life before.

FILLAGREE.

So much the better. The air will do you the more good now.—I really don't know, (*to* Jemmy) whether ſhe ought not to go part of the way on horſeback.

MISS.

No, no, indeed, Fillagree, no: I cannot ride. —What do you look ſo melancholy for, Jemmy?

JEMMY.

Can you aſk me that queſtion? Did not you talk this moment of the wide world, of friends, of relations? Ah! Miſs Griſkin, it is into theſe arms you

you run, not the wide world. This amorous circle ſhall protect my fair one, I am every friend, every relation, in one; your lover, guardian, uncle, every thing!

MISS, (with a ſigh.)

How charmingly he talks!——What would you adviſe me to, Fillagree? Shall I venture?

FILLAGREE.

To be ſure; and make as much haſte as poſſible too; for the old man may be back every moment. Here, here, talk to her, whilſt I fetch down the little band-box ſhe is to carry in her lap. *(Going. Returns.)* You are ſure you have every thing ready, and where the old fellow cannot poſſibly find you out?

JEMMY.

Yes, yes; we are all right there——my dear madam! [*Taking* Fillagree *by the hand.*

FILLAGREE.

Get you gone; it is not *my* hand you ſhould ſqueeze ſo.—What did you let her make reflections in the cloſet for?

JEMMY, (a little fluttered.)

Why, we were afraid of Mr. Griſkin.

FILLAGREE.

Pſha, Pſha! [*Exit.*

MISS.

What does ſhe ſay, Jemmy?

JEMMY.

Say, my adorable? that I am the happieſt man in the univerſe. My heart is again at eaſe. How could you alarm the poor flutterer?—O let me claſp thee to me!—Hyblæan bees!—Nectar and ambroſia!

MISS.

I believe, verily, you have bewitched me, Jemmy.

Re-

Re-enter FILLAGREE.

FILLAGREE.

Away, away, you will have toying enough in the chaiſe.—You muſt go out at the back-door. I will do every thing in my power to retard the old man's march; and, if I find we are likely to overtake you, I will hire the poſtilion to overturn us.

JEMMY.

Ten thouſand thanks!

MISS.

Good by'e, Fillagree;——heigh-ho!

FILLAGREE.

Nay, nay, no more melancholy. Carry her off, carry her off. [Jemmy *carries off Miſs in his arms.*

FILLAGREE.

What is come to the girl! She was ready enough I am ſure this morning. I am afraid the young ſpark has not ſo much ſpirit as I thought he had. I ſhall be in a fine ſituation, if ſhe ſhould give him the ſlip before I have carried my own deſign into execution.—But mum! the old wretch is come in without my hearing him. He could not meet them, for they went the other way.

Enter GRISKIN, *out of breath.*

GRISKIN.

I have found them, Fillagree;——I have found them.

FILLAGREE.

I hope not. (*Aſide.*)—Where, dear Sir, where?

GRISKIN.

At the very firſt place I went to.

FILLAGREE.

I am glad of it, with all my heart. And have you brought them back?

GRISKIN.

GRISKIN.

No, no. They went for Scotland before day-break. But I ſhall be after them directly. There were four or five couple ſet out at the ſame time; and, by the deſcription, they are all ſo like my niece and her ſweet-heart, that one of the couples muſt be they.

FILLAGREE.

Then you don't know that they were they for certain?

GRISKIN.

I tell you there were four or five couple, and they were all ſo like, that they muſt be among them. Why all London cannot afford another couple of the ſame ſort.

FILLAGREE. (Aſide.)

Five hundred at leaſt.——We are pretty ſafe, I find.

GRISKIN.

But we muſt not ſtand prating here. Our chaiſe will be at the door immediately. I ordered the boy to come as quietly as he could, and up the other end of the ſtreet, that the Flack family may know nothing of the matter. Therefore put up a ſhirt or two for *me*, and what little things you will for yourſelf, and——

FILLAGREE.

For myſelf?—Why, do you think that I will go with you?

GRISKIN.

To be ſure, Fillagree.

FILLAGREE.

What! I truſt myſelf in a poſt-chaiſe with a man alone, running I know not whither?

GRISKIN.

Dear, dear! What, not with your old maſter?

FILLAGREE.

FILLAGREE.

Old maſter! Some people may make themſelves older than they are for aught that I know, merely to bring about their wicked purpoſes.

GRISKIN.

Lud! Lud! I never had any wicked purpoſes.

FILLAGREE.

I don't know that. I have ſeen you leer at me ſometimes in a manner which I thought very improper.

GRISKIN.

How *can* you talk ſo?

FILLAGREE.

Why, can any thing be worſe than a propoſal to me now, which muſt ſully my reputation with the whole neighbourhood. What do you think the Flack-family will ſay of *me*? Pray, Sir, have I ever behaved in your houſe in a manner to encourage it? My unſpotted reputation!

"The man who fiſhes from me my good name," as Jemmy Twinkle ſays, "Poor *me*, indeed!"

GRISKIN.

You will abſolutely make me diſtracted.

FILLAGREE.

I am ſure you deſerve it.

GRISKIN.

You know you may truſt *me*.

FILLAGREE.

Truſt *you*?—To tell you the truth, I hardly know whether I dare truſt myſelf. You are an old man, to be ſure; but I'cod you are a very ſmug one. And how does one know what the devil may put into one's head.—I will not go, poſitively.

GRISKIN.

Now, dear Fillagree.—

FILLAGREE.

Keep your diſtance. Don't grow fond, I beg of you. It frights me to death. I am all over in a tremble.—I will go, however, and get your things ready, for I think I hear the poſt-chaiſe ſtop at the door.—But I deſire you would not come up ſtairs after me, for I am reſolute in my determination.

[*Exit.*

GRISKIN.

I will follow you tho', for I am ſure you love the Girl ſo much that you muſt comply. And there ſhall be no pains wanting on my ſide to bring it about.—Hark! It is the chaiſe. I hope old Flack has ſeen nothing of it. I will juſt go and ſpeak to the boy.——Poor Fillagree! I do not believe ſhe has her equal for virtue in the world. She is rather a comely woman too, and tho' her temper is a little violent, ſhe has many good qualities.——A ſmug old man; he, he!—I wiſh I have not more to fear on my ſide than ſhe has on her's.—But go ſhe muſt, at any rate. A ſmug old man, he, he! [*Exit.*

The Scene Changes.

A Dance of Poſtilions and Chambermaids.

After the Dance, Enter CUPID.

CUPID.

Well, Gentlefolks, tho' you refuſe my aid,
I've got good cuſtomers, and been well paid.
And now, in hopes it may encourage you,
I'll ſhow you what the power of love can do.

Your

Your Grecian bards in their immortal ſcenes
Have deities deſcending in machines;
And many a knotty point their Godſhips clear,
Which you, bold ſons of Britain, ſcarce would bear.

—Hold! ſcarce would bear?—not in a ſerious play,
But in a trifling farce perhaps you may;
Where Love the great magician waves his wand,
And then, as Chorus, lends a helping hand.

Hey, paſs, begone! ſwift as the lightning's gleam,
Or lying Mahomet's fictitious dream,
Time, ſpace, be nothing!

[*On his waving his Whip, the Scenes ſhift, and the Inn appears.*]

Since I ſaw you laſt
Days have rolled on, and weary miles been paſs'd;
Without one ſeeming interval between,
You're now in Yorkſhire, and the ſcene an inn.
Where couples throng like cluſtering bees in ſwarms,
And all my rabble rout are up in arms.
Hark! Do you hear them? What a pleaſing brawl!
Bells jingle, chaiſes rattle, hoſtlers bawl,
And lovers join in one great caterwawl!

Play with your fancies then, as Shakeſpear ſays,
And think all real which our ſcene diſplays.
Play with your ears, and ſwell the noiſe more loud,
Play with your eyes, and multiply the crowd.
—And lo! to make the ſtrong deception warm,
Our landlady appears! Herſelf a ſtorm!
A ſtorm *I* fly from. [*Runs off.*

Enter LANDLADY, *with a Croud of young Couples. Poſtilions, Hoſtlers, Servants of the Inn, &c. carrying Trunks, Portmanteans, Band-boxes, &c.*

LANDLADY.

Joſeph! Thomas! Betty! Where are ye all?—Show the Lion there.—If you pleaſe to ſtep behind the bar, ladies, for a moment.—Light a fire in the Pelican.—O! as private as you pleaſe ma'am; a two pair of ſtairs room, Betty, for this gentleman and lady.—Bleſs me! John Hoſtler, why don't you look about you? There are two chaiſes now jammed together in the gateway.—Indeed, madam, you need be under no apprehenſions; nobody comes into my houſe to diſturb company. —Lights, there, lights!——I'll wait upon you preſently, Sir; be ſo good to follow the ſervants, you will find every thing commodious.—Here, James, take this candle.—That fellow is drunk now, but I will give it him in both his ears when he is ſober, I can aſſure him.—Good gentlemen and ladies, I will attend you all as ſoon as this buſtle is a little over.—Show this lady to the larder; ducks, chickens, rabbits, eels, and all kinds of butcher's meat.—It ſhall be as ſafe, ma'am, as if it was in your own cuſtody; put it into the bar there.—

Mercy on us, what a hurry do we live in! But now, thank heaven, one may breathe a little.

[*Coming forward.*

Well, theſe Scotch marriages are glorious things for our road. Heaven bleſs their good hearts who firſt thought of evading the law. Nothing but poſt-chaiſes day and night, night and day; from London

London to Scotland, from Scotland to London; up and down, down and up: and then the young couples are ſuch open-hearted, generous ſouls, that I warrant you ſome of them ſpend half their fortunes in the journey.—What are become of all my ſervants? Betty, I ſay, Betty!

Enter BETTY.

BETTY.

Here, madam, here.

LANDLADY.

What are you always out of the way for? Prating with the chamberlain I ſuppoſe upon the ſtairs, or letting ſome of the gentlefolks' footmen pull you about.

BETTY.

Lord, ma'am, you ſent me up ſtairs with the gentleman and lady.

LANDLADY.

Well, well, ſo I did.—Let the ſheets be aired for the Antelope;—and do you hear, Betty, aſk all the couples who are going down to Scotland, whether they chuſe one bed, or two. As to thoſe who are coming from it, we put them to bed together of courſe you know, and ſometimes, 'egad, againſt their will. [*Exit Betty, grinning.*

Joſeph Chamberlain!

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Ma'am!

LANDLADY.

Pray is that young couple come back again yet, that we had ſuch a fuſs about the other day?

CHAMBERLAIN.

Not unleſs they came back in the night, ma'am, when it was Thomas's turn to ſet up, or called at the other inn.

LANDLADY.

Poor girl, ſhe was in a terrible taking. But he was a coaxing young rogue.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Yes, yes, ma'am; we men know how to manage ladies. [*Rubbing his hands.*

LANDLADY.

Aye, fie upon you, fie upon you. My poor huſband, I am ſure, had none of thoſe wheedling ways with him.—Go, go, there are two or three bells ringing. [*Exit Chamberlain.*

A good neat tight-made young fellow, now I have got him to wear white ſtockings, and a chitterling. But I ſhall turn Betty away, I can aſſure him that, if he follows her in the manner he does, a pert trollop! I wonder the fellow has not more ambition in him.

Enter BETTY.

BETTY.

O, ma'am, ma'am!

LANDLADY.

Well, what is the matter now? Bawling enough to ſplit ones ears.

BETTY.

The young couple are come again, ma'am, that you was ſo fond of.

LANDLADY.

Lord bleſs them! Shew them in.

Enter Miſs GRISKIN *as* Mrs. TWINKLE.

LANDLADY.

My dear Madam! [*Running up to her.*

Mrs. TWINKLE.

O Mrs. What-d'ye-call-'em! I am glad to ſee you again. Lord, I am quite another creature now.

LANDLADY.

I am mighty happy to ſee your ladyſhip in ſpirits.

Mrs. TWINKLE.

Spirits! Lord ma'am, why I am married, and every body that is married is in ſpirits you know.—Pray, Mrs.—— I cannot think of your name—How old was you when you was married?

LANDLADY.

O dear madam, we poor folks don't marry ſo early as the gentry. I was on the wrong ſide of thirty, I can aſſure you.

Mrs. TWINKLE.

Bleſs my ſoul! Thirty? Why I ſhan't be ſeventeen theſe ſix months. One may have half a dozen huſbands before one is thirty. If my dear Jemmy was to die to-morrow — What can be become of him? He grows ſo loitering. Haggling, I ſuppoſe, with the poſtilions. I am ſure they

ought to be well paid, for they drove moſt delightfully. Whiſk away, ſplaſh and daſh, through thick and thin; chatter went the glaſſes, niddle noddle, bounce forward, bounce backward; O it was charming!—Pray was you married in Scotland, Mrs. Thing'em'me?

LANDLADY.

No, dear madam, not I; there was no ſuch good doings in my time.

Mrs. TWINKLE.

For my part I will never be married any where elſe, if I am married fifty times.—What can my huſband be about? *My huſband*, he, he! How I ſhall laugh at Miſs Flack.—Come, Jemmy, come!

[*Taking him by the hand as he enters.*

Enter JEMMY.

JEMMY.

Don't be ſo teizing.—You ſhould not be ſo fond before company.

Mrs. TWINKLE.

Lord, you are grown ſo cruſty.

LANDLADY. (*Curtſying.*)

Give you joy, Sir.

JEMMY. (*Counting his Money.*)

Thank you, thank you, good woman.—They have cheated us of a mile or two, I am ſure.

Mrs TWINKLE.

Well, and what does that ſignify; have not we money enough to pay for it?—Pray, Mrs. What's-your-name, can I have a diſh of tea?

LANDLADY.

LANDLADY.

I will order it immediately, madam.—So, ſo!

[*Looking at them and ſhaking her head as ſhe goes out.*]

[*Mrs. Twinkle comes up to Jemmy, leans her arm on his ſhoulder, pats his cheek, and then ſpeaks.*]

Mrs. TWINKLE.

Wont you put our wedding in the news paper, my dear?

JEMMY.

Pſha! You put every thing out of my head.

Mrs TWINKLE.

Why there is no company here now, is there?

JEMMY.

When a man is married, madam, and the cares of the world are coming upon him, he has ſomething elſe to think of than toying with his wife. We had fooling enough in the chaiſe, I think.

Mrs. TWINKLE.

Fooling do you call it? I am ſure I thought it was very pretty.

JEMMY.

When do you think of writing to your uncle?

Mrs. TWINKLE.

I don't care a pin's point for my uncle, not I.

JEMMY.

But we muſt care about your portion, madam, or we ſhall make a ſtrange figure in the world.—Now I am thinking.———

Mrs. TWINKLE.

Aye, but you ſhould not think at all Jemmy, if it makes you ſo fretful.—I am ſure I think of nothing but

but you. [*Taking him by the hand, and making him drop his money.*]

JEMMY.

Don't be ſo fooliſh.--See what you have done now!

Mrs. TWINKLE.

Well, well; I'll pick it up for you.

LANDLADY. (*Looking in.*)

The tea is ready, madam.

Mrs. TWINKLE.

Very well, Mrs. What-d'ye-call-'em.

JEMMY.

Go, go, drink your tea, and let me conſider a little with myſelf.

Mrs. TWINKLE. (*Going.*)

I won't drink a drop till you come. [*Comes back.* Nay I wont ſtir a ſtep without you. How can you be ſo croſs, Jemmy? are all your vows and promiſes come to this? Did not you tell me too that you would write ſome verſes upon our marriage, and put them into the news-paper? I'cod, if you do not, I will ſhew the world how you did love me once, that I will, and put in my own name too, not Cælia, as you uſed to call me. I have all your poems in my pocket-book.—There is, "On Cælia's firſt appearance at Haberdaſher's-hall."—— "On ſeeing Cælia walk down Cheapſide, while Bow bells were ringing"—And that very pretty one "On Cælia's biting off the finger of her glove at White-Conduit-Houſe"——I will be hanged if there is any thing like that in all Pope's works.

[*During this Speech of Mrs.* Twinkle's, Jemmy's *Countenance clears up gradually, till at laſt he ſmiles and ſpeaks.*]

JEMMY.

JEMMY.

Why that, that is tolerable, I muſt confeſs. I was rather happy there.—But you are a flattering huſſey.

Mrs. TWINKLE.

Flattering? It ought to be printed in letters of gold. "Sweet lovely maid, were I a glove."—Eh Jemmy!—Come, you ſhall go and drink tea with me.

JEMMY.

Well, well; I don't much care if I do.

Mrs. TWINKLE. (Taking him by the Hand.)

I knew you would be a good dear at laſt. "Sweet "lovely maid, were I a glove"—I can ſay it by heart, I can aſſure you.—My dear, dear Mr. Twinkle.

[*Hanging upon him as they go out.*

Enter LANDLADY.

LANDLADY.

I am heartily glad it has ended ſo well. I was ſadly afraid they would have quarrelled. Men are men I ſee in all ſtations; it is her turn to wheedle now. [*A noiſe without.*] What is all that buſtle about?

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

CHAMBERLAIN.

O ma'am, ma'am; here are the ſtrangeſt couple come! They cannot be going to Scotland, *I* am ſure.

LANDLADY.

What are they? Who are they?

CHAMBERLAIN.

I cannot gueſs, ma'am; but the old man is ſo furious, and boiſtrous; he flounced out of the chaiſe,

and hobbled away to every room he could come at, opened all the doors, diſturbed all the company, and has put the whole inn in an uproar.

LANDLADY.

Where are all my ſervants? Call the conſtable; no body ſhall break open a door in my houſe. Bleſs me, what a racket he has made!

[*Several couples run in, very much alarmed.*

This way, ladies; this way, gentlemen. Here Betty, John, Thomas, put all the company into the great dining-room, and lock the door after them—Pray excuſe it—I beg ten thouſand pardons.

[*They go out in a buſtle.*

He has not been above ſtairs, has he?

CHAMBERLAIN.

Not yet, ma'am.

LANDLADY.

Nor he ſhan't neither. Why don't you ſend for the conſtable?

Enter Mr. GRISKIN.

GRISKIN.

Ay, ay, ſend for the conſtable. I will ſearch every room in the houſe, and every corner in every room.

LANDLADY.

Indeed but you ſhall *not*, Sir. Where is your officer? [*Putting herſelf in his way, and ſpreading her petticoats.*]

Enter FILLAGREE.

FILLAGREE.

Fie, fie, Mr. Griſkin, how can you expoſe yourſelf thus.—Dear good madam, reach me a chair;

I am frighted and fatigued to death.—Don't mind *him*, Mrs. What-d'ye-call-'em, don't mind *him*.

LANDLADY.

I am ſure, madam, I do nothing uncivil to the gentleman; but to have one's houſe diſturbed at this rate—

FILLAGREE.

For ſhame, Mr. Griſkin, be quiet.—Did not you promiſe me in the poſt-chaiſe not to be riotous?—I am ready to die——We ſhall ſtay here all night, madam. [*In a languiſhing tone to the landlady.*

GRISKIN.

All night? I won't ſtay an hour after I have ſearched the houſe.

FILLAGREE. (riſing haſtily.)

Then by my ſoul, ſince you make me ſwear, you ſhall go by yourſelf. Is all your wheedling and nonſenſe come to this? Have I expoſed my character, expoſed my perſon, to be uſed at this rate at laſt?—Go, be a monſter,—and leave me.

GRISKIN. (looking ſheepiſh)

She makes an arrant fool of me.

LANDLADY.

Indeed, Sir, the lady adviſes you all for your own good. You had better be pacified. Shew another room, Betty.—Your ladyſhip and the gentleman lie in the ſame bed, I preſume?

FILLAGREE.

In the ſame bed, woman? In the ſame bed?

LANDLADY.

You may have two beds in the ſame room, or chambers adjoining, if your ladyſhip pleaſes.

FILLAGREE.

I am ruined, I am undone; my reputation is gone for ever!—See *you* wretch, how injuriouſly I am

am treated upon your account—O it will break my heart!

GRISKIN.

Don't cry, Fillagree, don't cry.

FILLAGREE.

Don't come near me.

LANDLADY.

Nay now, madam, indeed your ladyſhip is to blame, for the gentleman ſeems to grow very loving.

FILLAGREE.

I ſhall faint, I ſhall die! Don't uſe ſuch expreſſions, woman.—Heigh-ho!—Have you never an honeſt virtuous neighbour, who could let me have a bed out of the houſe?

LANDLADY.

To be ſure ſuch things are to be had, ma'am; but if your ladyſhip does not chuſe to lie near your ſpouſe——

FILLAGREE.

Spouſe?

LANDLADY.

I ſay, ma'am, in ſuch a caſe we have a long gallery, where you may have ſix bedchambers between you.

FILLAGREE.

Have not you two galleries?

LANDLADY.

We had, ma'am, before the houſe was burnt down; but when the inſurers built it up again, we thought as how that one might be ſufficient, and ſo made the rooms on the ſecond ſtory, ma'am, more larger and more commodious. They are all double beds, and mighty convenient, I can aſſure you. I have lain in them all round in my poor huſband's time; but ſince that I have confined myſelf intirely to the little room behind the bar, where

where I have a ſmall preſs-bed, ma'am, that I can eaſily ſhut up, ma'am; and then, as your ladyſhip knows, it makes a very pretty parlour. A great many gentlemen who frequent this houſe—

FILLAGREE.

Well, well; I dont't want the hiſtory of the bed or the gentlemen; I am not uſed to ſuch converſation—But the rooms you were ſpeaking of, are you ſure there are ſix chambers between them?

LANDLADY.

At leaſt, madam; your ladyſhip may ſee them yourſelf if you pleaſe, and be an eye witneſs.

FILLAGREE.

Well then that may do.—But I muſt have one of your maids to ſit up with me, for fear of any intruſion.

LANDLADY.

Poor lady!—Shall I lead you into the next room, ma'am, and bring you a glaſs of hartſhorn and water.

FILLAGREE.

Any where to be away from *him*.

[*Exit, leaning on the Landlady.*

GRISKIN.

What ſurpriſing virtue! Why ſhe is chaſter than Suſannah.—Let old Flack ſay what he will, I muſt make her reparation.

LANDLADY. (returning.)

Go Sir, comfort your poor lady; ſhe is in a piteous taking.

GRISKIN.

I am almoſt afraid to go to her. But I will venture.—I believe I had as good have a glaſs of hartſhorn and water too. [*Exit.*

LANDLADY.

Hoity toity! here is more fuſs with one old couple than with twenty young ones. But I am glad

glad the inn is quiet again.—You may let the company out of the dining room.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN *and* BETTY *eagerly.*

CHAMBERLAIN.

O ma'am, the young couple you love ſo much belong to thoſe old folks who came laſt. They were juſt got to the lady as the old fellow came to her, and there is fine work among them.

LANDLADY.

Ay, ay; that ſignifies nothing. The deed is done, you know, and I warrant old Hocus muſt come down with his money-bags.—I'll try if I can over-hear them, for I love ſuch ſport dearly.—Let Betty alone, can't you.

[*Puſhing out the chamberlain before her*; Betty *follows, making mouths behind her back.*]

Enter CUPID, *laughing and ſinging.*

CUPID.

Ha ha, ha ha, Ha ha ha!
Cupid triumphs o'er all ages,
Beardleſs youths, and bearded ſages
All ſubmit to Cupid's law.
Ha ha, ha ha, Ha ha ha!
Conqueſt to the Fair belongs,
Be they fooliſh, be they witty,
Be they frightful, be they pretty,
All ay all have flattering tongues.
All ay all have flattering tongues.

He ſpeaks.

Well, thus far I have brought, you ſee,
My couples pretty handſomely;
And every thing has been expreſt:
—Then why proceed? You know the reſt.
You know in caſes ſuch as theſe,
How nature works by juſt degrees;

What

What dreadful ſtorms at firſt ariſe
Of clamorous tongues and weeping eyes,
Till all their griefs beyond expreſſing,
End in a calm, and, Sir, your bleſſing.
Suppoſe we then our doating ſage
Has ſpent his impotence of rage;
That pouting Miſs had wept her fill;
That Fillagree with female ſkill
Has touch'd each kind conſenting chord,
Has wheedled, threaten'd, and implor'd,
And brought at length her ſeveral views,
Juſt to the criſis ſhe would chuſe.
By your conſent the reſt we'll ſpare,
Jump to th' event, and catch them there.
[*He waves his whip.
They riſe, they ſpeak! and I refrain—
Be courteous, and I'll come again.
[*Nodding to the audience, and exit.*

[*On* CUPID's *waving his whip, the ſcene ſhifts, and diſcovers Mr.* Griſkin *and* Fillagree *in earneſt converſation on a couch, Miſs leaning againſt one ſide-ſcene pouting, and leering at* Jemmy, *who leans againſt another ſcene twirling his hat, and playing with his fingers. The Landlady, ſervants of the inn, &c. appear liſtening at the ſeveral doors.*]

FILLAGREE. [riſing and coming forward.]
Well then, upon that condition, and upon that condition only, there's my hand.

GRISKIN. (graſping her hand eagerly.)
'Tis a hard one, Fillagree.—But I muſt comply. Come hither, you ungracious couple you; I am forced to forgive you.—Get up, get up, and don't plague me any more about it. You may thank Fillagree for it. I was as hard as adamant till ſhe ſoftened me. [*Ogling her.*

JEMMY.

Ten thouſand thanks, my dear madam.

Mrs. TWINKLE. (embracing her)

My good Fillagree!

[*Landlady, ſervants, young couples, &c. run in, in a croud, and Cupid among them.*]

ALL.

Give you joy, ladies; give you joy, gentlemen; give you joy.

GRISKIN.

Hey toſs! here is a fine company of you!—and the fiddles too!

LANDLADY.

Yes yes, Sir, we have always fiddles ready for ſuch joyful occaſions.

GRISKIN.

I'dod, then, we'll have a dance.

[*He talks apart with the Landlady and Fillagree.*

Mrs. TWINKLE.

Dear Jemmy do look yonder; there is Miſs Trot, and Miſs Sneak, and Miſs Giddy—and as I hope to live that little poſtilion that drove us ſo well—Come hither, my dear; there's half a crown for you, child. [*Chucking Cupid under the chin*]—I'cod, Jemmy, if you grow cruſty again, I'll run away with that pretty poſtilion, as ſure as you are alive.

CUPID. (bowing and ſtrutting)

I ſhall be at your Ladyſhip's ſervice, at a moment's warning.

JEMMY.

Get away, you young dog you.

GRISKIN.

Ay, ay, get away!—And now, Fillagree, I have but one care remaining; if I could but get over that curſed difficulty of the Flack family, I ſhould be a happy man indeed.

[*A Voice*

[*A Voice from the Croud.*]

O I can hold no longer.

GRISKIN.

What is the matter there?

[*A young Woman, coming forward.*]

O Sir, O Mr. Griſkin, you know my friends, you know my relations—Behold upon her knees poor Dolly Flack!

GRISKIN.

Miſs Flack! impoſſible!

FILLAGREE, Mrs. TWINKLE, &c.

Miſs Flack!

Miſs FLACK.

How low has love reduced me!

GRISKIN.

Riſe, riſe, Miſs Flack——I ſhall burſt out a laughing. [*Aſide to Fillagree, who lifts up her hands and eyes.*] I *do* know your friends, I *do* know your relations—But how—what—Why ſure your education——I cannot hold, Fillagree. [*Aſide.*

FILLAGREE.

Huſh!

Miſs FLACK.

Talk not of education, my education has undone me. Alas, Sir, from all my reading, I drew but one idea; 'twas that of love. Not formal mercenary love, which comes attended with ſettlements, and all the odious incumbrances of jointures and pin-money; but that reſiſtleſs paſſion, that inſtantaneous emotion, that faſcination of eyes which kindles into rapture even at the firſt approach—Such I thought this gentleman's affection for *me*. Can it be wondered at, then, that I ſhould conſent to elope with him?

CHORUS *of young Women.*

O no, certainly not.

GRISKIN. (to Fillagree, who checks him)
I *ſhall* burſt.

Miſs FLACK.

The morning was a fine one; a gentle ſhower had laid the duſt, and the air breathed ſweetly.—To Barnet, to Hatfield, to Biggleſwade, to Bugden, nothing ſo kind as he! At the next ſtage, I know not why, he grew more cool, then ſullen, then ill tempered His ſighs for *me* were changed to execrable oaths. The roads, the poſtilions, and every inn diſguſted him. 'Till at the laſt, even at this fatal place, he owned, the monſter owned, he loved no longer.

CHORUS *of young Women.*

O fie, fie!

GRISKIN.

How is this? What is all this? Come forward young man, and anſwer for yourſelf. Who are you? What are you?

YOUNG MAN.

My name, Sir, is Sotherton, Tom Sotherton, at your ſervice. My profeſſion is that of a ſtrolling player. The accuſation which is laid againſt me is undoubtedly a true one. And in order to account for my behaviour, with the leave of this good company,

I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

CHORUS *of young Men.*

Ay, ay, hear him! hear him!

GRISKIN.

Speak then, young man; but let it be as ſhort as you can, and in plain Engliſh.

SOTHERTON.

In plain Engliſh then, Sir, I went to town in hopes of being engaged at one of the theatres, when a friend

friend of mine pointed out to me the happier proſpect of ſucceeding with this young lady. He knew, pardon the expreſſion, the romantic turn of her diſpoſition: [*The young men titter; the girls look down.*] He told me likewiſe that ſhe was certainly poſſeſſed of ten thouſand pounds in her own diſpoſal——"'Twas on that hint I ſpake."

CHORUS *of young Men.*

Right, right, Sotherton.

SOTHERTON.

It was laſt Monday was ſe'nnight, and it is now Wedneſday, that I had the firſt opportunity of addreſſing her. She was turning the corner of a narrow ſtreet within ten yards of her own houſe, paſſing, as it ſhould ſeem by the thread-paper in her hand, to a milliner's a few doors below. I gazed, I ſtopped, and expreſſed my admiration by a low bow. She bluſhed and curtſied. I ſeized her hand, ſhe endeavoured to pull it from me. I proteſted my intentions were honourable, and ſhe not only let me keep her hand, but kiſs it. We began then to be afraid of obſervation. We parted; each with a ſigh, but not without a promiſe of meeting again the next day, in the ſame place, at the ſame hour. In ſhort, we met every day the whole week through, ſometimes for a quarter of an hour, ſometimes for half an hour; till at the laſt our lucky ſtars gave us an hour compleat; at which interview ſhe kindly conſented to elope with me.

GRISKIN.

Hey day! Monday a quarter of an hour—Tueſday—Wedneſday—half an hour—a whole hour—Why then about three hours and an half did the buſineſs. He, he, he!

FILLAGREE.

You were very haſty indeed, Miſs.

Miſs

Miſs FLACK.

Why I was afraid of being found out, Mrs. Filagree, if I had let him court me any longer.

CHORUS *of young Women.*

To be ſure, to be ſure!

SOTHERTON.

The journey proceeded as the lady has already deſcribed. At Stilton, the poſt where ſhe ſays my coldneſs began, an expreſs overtook me, ſent by the ſame kind friend who had firſt propoſed the undertaking.—Fatal expreſs to both of us! for it informed me that the ten thouſand pounds were ſo far from being in Miſs Flack's own power, that they depended not only on her father, but on a grandmother, and two maiden aunts. What then was to be done? Could I ruin the lady? Could I ruin myſelf? No, with a truly heroic reſolution, I ſtifled my own paſſion, and by pretended ill uſage endeavoured to put an end to her's.

CHORUS *of young Men.*

Very honourable, very honourable indeed!

SOTHERTON.

So that you will perceive, Sir, at leaſt the good company will perceive, that whatever effect the late run of ſentimental comedies may have had upon their audiences, they have at leaſt made the players men of honour.

Miſs FLACK.

You are a villain!

Mrs. TWINKLE.

He talks very finely tho' for all that, Miſs Flack. And is a very pretty man too.—I wiſh you health and happineſs, Mr. Sotherton.

[Dropping a Curtſy, half aſide.

GRISKIN,

GRISKIN.

I can hardly ſpeak for laughing.—Come, come, Miſs Flack, never mind him, you ſhall return with us, and I will make up the affair with your relations—Old Flack can't find fault with us now, Fillagree, he, he, he! There is nothing like having one's friends and acquaintance in the ſame ſcrape with one's ſelf.—But let us have the dance, for by their looks, half the couples here elſe will have ſome complaint or other to make. He, he!

Mrs. TWINKLE.

You may take out Miſs Flack, Jemmy; I ſhall dance with Mr. Sotherton.

FILLAGREE. (in a half whiſper.)

Hark you, Miſs Flack, have you preſerved your virtue?

Miſs FLACK.

O yes, indeed, madam.

FILLAGREE.

Then you may defy the world; and learn from my example, that the woman who preſerves her virtue, will always be rewarded at laſt.

[*Before the dance, Fillagree comes forward with Cupid in her hand, by way of Epilogue.*]

FILLAGREE.

Ladies, you'll witneſs what this boy has done,
What fools he makes us, and what riſques we run,
When this vile gad-fly goads us,
This puppet thing, this miniature of man!
What ſay you, ſhall I brain him with my fan?
Or in the very Zenith of his glory,
Here with my glove-ſtring ſtrangle him before you?
—You're tender hearted. Well then, ſo am I.
Methinks it were a pity Love ſhould die.

CUPID.

CUPID.

Love cannot die, whilſt ſo much beauty reigns
In yon fair circle.——
Say, ye nymphs, ye ſwains,
Was it not right one knotty point to clear,
That Love himſelf ſhould be in perſon here?
That boys ſhould match with girls, and girls with boys.
Mere nature can produce ſuch idle toys,
But ſure it aſks ſome ſupernatural aid
When ſuch a lover ſighs for ſuch a maid.
[*Pointing to Fillagree and Griſkin.*
Beſides, ye fair, from me perhaps you'll hear
What from mere mortals might offend your ear.
Between ourſelves, I cannot quite approve
This modern bare-fac'd hurrying into love.
My ancient chiefs, ſo fam'd for love and war,
Beſieg'd whole ages the obdurate fair.
Now, e'er the lover wooes, the lady's won,
And half the ſex run poſt to be undone.
Be wiſe, be cautious; keep this truth in view,
Few haſty marriages are happy too.
Approach with awe th' indiſſoluble bands,
Try well your hearts before you yield your hands.
Let each kind parent's voice compleat the plan,
And bluſh conſent even then, behind your fan.

Country Dance of the Characters, lead by CUPID.

THE END.